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FLASHBACK

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS

FEB 4 1988

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

**Preserving
The Past
For the Future**

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Preserving the Past for the Future

FLASHBACK

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Membership in our Society is open to anyone interested in the collection and preservation of Washington County's history. We have members in all 50 states. Dues are on a discretionary "give what one chooses" basis starting with $7.50 annually rising to $150 for a lifetime membership. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received throughout the year. Members receive FLASHBACK quarterly and other mailings periodically. Copies of FLASHBACK for past issues are $5.00 each, current year's quarterlies are $3.00 each.

MEMORIES OF ST. PAUL'S - FAY'VILLE

September 1928 to June 1939

by Carolyn Rainey Harris

In May of 1928 my father (the Rev. Samuel H. Rainey) was asked to come to Fayetteville to look over St. Paul's with the possibility of accepting a call to serve St. Paul's and the university community in conjunction with St. James' at Eureka Springs. At the time, he was serving at St. Mary's in El Dorado. It was a twelve hour drive from El Dorado to Fayetteville, over roads which were mostly gravel. Highway 71 had not been constructed. The road south from Mountainburg proceeded down the east side of the hill just out of Mountainburg by means of thirteen hairpin turns. None of this was paved. After this descent, the road went through Van Buren. Of course, coming north the trip was all uphill, very tiring and dusty in dry weather.

Fayetteville was celebrating the centennial of the city, with a small museum set up in the old rectory, which stood on the southeast corner of the College Avenue-Lafayette Street intersection (now the IGA parking lot). Demonstrations of hand weaving, spinning, quilting and other crafts were going on in the large two-story building. The whole town was on good behavior. My parents had decided to bring me on the trip, but my brother, who was recovering from the mumps, stayed in El Dorado with friends. At that time I believe my father was driving a Whippet car.

We stayed at Mother Hudson's Rooming House on Dickson Street, just west of the alley running behind the church property. This was considered more comfortable than either of the hotels and the foods was better.

At that time the organization of Episcopal students was known as the Winchester Club, in honor of the Diocesan, Bishop Winchester. Sunday morning my father held services and in the afternoon the club was having their final outing of the school year, down at Woolsey bridge where there was a good swimming hole. The sponsor was Miss

Grace Albright, who drove a Model T touring car. At that time no out of town student in the group had a car, so this entailed Miss Grace's making several trips over the gravel road which wound around through Greenland and West Fork. In spite of two girls getting in a fist fight over some trivial matter, everyone managed to return safely to Fayetteville.

After returning to El Dorado, my father was duly called to serve St. Paul's and accepted. He arrived at Fayetteville September 1, 1928. My mother had preceded him to Fayetteville to get the rectory in order and to oversee painting and redecorating. At that time the new rectory, as it was known, was located at 119 East Lafayette, now a parking lot, joining the C.T. Harding lot which faces Washington Avenue. There was a large expanse of lawn west of the rectory which joined the back yard of the old rectory. Along Lafayette Street was a long row of walnut trees to College Avenue. Also on the intervening lot was a frame garage which my father later had moved east of the rectory to bring it closer to the house.

The rectory was a comfortable two-story house with four bedrooms upstairs. The downstairs was spacious so there was no problem entertaining as many as thirty students every Sunday evening. Since there was no student center, the Winchester Club met at the rectory. Each week a couple would fix the supper for the club. Sometimes two boys, or two girls, or a boy and a girl. These meals were kept as economical as possible. If the students didn't know how to cook, my mother took over. She was an excellent cook and became an expert at serving 25 or 30 people (the average attendance) for very little financial outlay — usually under $5.00. During those years hamburger was two or three pounds for a quarter, sugar cost 50¢ for ten pounds, weiners were 10¢ a pound. Tea was usually served because it was cheaper. Coffee was 23¢ a pound so it was served only occasionally. She was the kind who could bake and ice a three-layer cake, have breakfast ready when my father returned from the 7:30 a.m. service, start Sunday dinner,

sing in the choir at the 11:00 o'clock service, and return home to finish a sit-down dinner for the family and two to four guests.

The church building was about half the size it is today. There was a small sacristy on the north side with an outside door and a small room off the south side which contained the motor for the organ. There was no water inside the church building, hence no rest rooms. The lady who lived south of the church told one of the men she wished they would put water in the church so Mr. Rainey wouldn't have to take the little boys out behind the bushes.

In the center aisle of the nave, near the chancel steps, stood the litany desk. During Lent, the litany was read at four o'clock on Friday afternoons. This desk remained in place except for funerals. The procession on Sunday morning divided to bypass this furniture. The pulpit was on the right and always seemed higher to me than the present pulpit.

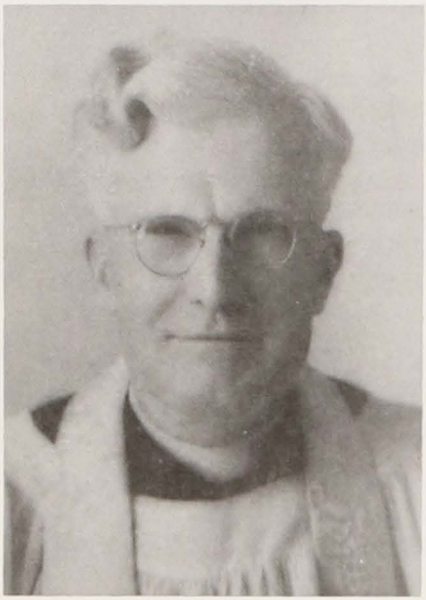
The present door from the Guild Room into the narthex opened into the bell tower (there was no narthex). A second door farther east opened directly into the church.

Lent was always a time of special devotion and study. Women's meetings were held as usual with the addition of some extra study. No refreshments were served during this period of fasting. No celebrations were held, nor anything of a festive nature, such as weddings, parties, teas and such. The Penitential Office was read on Wednesday evenings at 7:30 with a meditation by the rector. The organist was present to play for hymns, but the choir did not usually vest, even though they were present in the pews, since choir practice was held immediately following service. Many of the older members may remember the moving prayer, "Turn thou us, O good Lord, and so shall we be turned. Be favorable, O Lord, Be favorable to thy people who turn to thee in weeping, fasting and praying."

Litany, said at four o'clock on Friday afternoons, was a

short service of about twenty minutes, with no meditation. School dismissed at 3:45, so there was time to walk to the church before going home.

On Good Friday we always had the three hour service of the Seven Last Words from the cross. This was a hard service for a priest since there was no choir and he had much reading to do. My father always tried to have more than one organist for this long service, but only on rare occasions was there another priest to take part of the service.



Rev. Samuel H. Rainey

Mrs. Samuel H. Rainey (Francis Chamberlin)

Easter Sunday morning a full choral Eucharist was held. After service my father took the choir to the hotel for breakfast. The later service was morning prayer and Holy Communion at the request of the choir director, who always prepared a festival Te Deum and other canticles.

On Easter Monday, an Easter egg hunt was held on the church grounds for the small children, with eggs hidden in different areas for different ages.

Warm water had to be carried to the church for baptisms. In cold weather my father would take a jar of hot water wrapped in newspaper for insulation. At that time it didn't occur to anyone to sterilize the communion vessels. They depended on the wine.

Miss Grace Albright always had flower beds around the church, especially on the south side, working many Saturdays weeding and planting daffodils. When we first came she worked for a wholesale grocery company and later was secretary to the Dean of the College of Education.

Sunday school was held in the nave of the church, with each class occupying a pew or two. Only the pre-school children left the nave, meeting with their teacher in the Guild Room, which also served as a vestry for the choir and clergy. Two of my teachers were Margaret Bell and Suzanne Lighton. Around the walls of this room were small closets where vestments were hung. There was also cupboard space for music, cleaning supplies and other necessities. The room contained an old square piano which was used for choir practice in cold weather, so as not to have to heat the whole church. During Lent, when the building was heated for Wednesday night service of Penitential Office and Meditation, choir practice could be held with the organ after service.

The church was heated with a coal furnace. This meant that whoever fired the furnace had to make a trip to the church soon after midnight to build the fire. (When natural gas came to Fayetteville in the very early 30's a gas gravity flow burner was placed in the old furnace.) The sexton was instructed not to stoke the fire during service because of the noise and the tendency for coal dust and fumes to arise from the grates, which were located in the center aisle. During the processional vestments would balloon as members walked over the registers.

The street in front of the church and the sidewalk were quite low. In 1928 there was a decided up-grade to Dickson Street. At times of heavy rain, water completely covered

the sidewalk in front of the church. Many Sundays long planks were placed from the church steps out to cars and men were stationed to help those less nimble members into the church. During the 30's, while Mr. Edgar Brown was city engineer, he managed to obtain WPA funds to have the sidewalk and street grade raised to take care of the problem.

The old rectory (on the southeast corner of College and Lafayette) was a two-story house with a s ide verandah on the north and west sides, and stood back from the street. Mr Vaulx had added on to the rectory to accommodate his large family. When we came to Fayetteville there were two apartments downstairs and one upstairs, plus a large upstairs room, separate from the apartment and on the south side, which my father used as a study. It was a stydy in the true sense of the word. He spent two or three hours there in the morning and we knew he was not to be disturbed unless there was an emergency. He never had a phone in his study; calls came to the rectory. It never occured to us that he should have a secretary.

His office equipment consisted of a large roll-top desk (the top of which he later removed so it could stand in the center of the room) and desk chair. Book shelves around the walls (built by my mother because my father couldn't drive a nail without hitting his fingers) contained his books; some framed diplomas and certificates hung on the walls. On the desk stood his large old Underwood typewriter. This was not a portable style. The high carriage folded back on itself and contained two sets of keys --one for capitals and another for lower case letters. He never used more than two fingers on each hand and typed like the wind. All his sermons were typed, but he never spoke from notes until the last two or three years he was here when someone said he failed to give credit to another writer. His was the more dramatic delivery of earlier preachers. It was hard to sleep through his sermons.

The new rectory, in which we lived, was located at 119 East Lafayette, around the corner from the old rectory. It

had been built in the early 1920's, a solid two-story house. Here the University students met, except for an occasional outing or invitation to some local student's home. The church had a very good relationship with the University, even though very few of the faculty were members of the parish. Students were fortunate to have frequent programs by faculty members on a wide range of subjects. Questions of philosophy, different religions, science, law and the arts were discussed. Professor George Hastings, who had made a study of folk music, was very generous with his time and talent, bringing his guitar and sharing his repertoire of ballads and other songs.

When, as mentioned, natural gas came to Fayetteville in the early 30's, the line was laid on the south side of Lafayette Street, just inside the sidewalk along the front yard of the rectory toward College Avenue. Sections of pipe were welded together. One day my mother, who was protecting the huge walnut trees in front of the rectory, saw the men about to weld two sections of pipe just below the roots of one of the trees. She went out to protest and the supervisor said they had to do it that way. She insisted that they pull the pipe out at a safe distance from "her" tree. After much argument she showed them how they could save the tree by pulling the pipe and making the next weld come in an area where there was not a tree. In the meantime, she had a chair brought out and sat down to guard the tree. In 1968 I was horrified to see these same trees cut down and the lot paved for the then-Safeway parking lot.

My father agonized over the fact that the University ministry was forced to operate on very meager funds. The diocese as a whole gave very little financial support to the chaplain. Part of his salary was paid by the General Church, Division of College Work. At the time of the Diocesan convention he would always try to take several students to the meeting with him. In those days there were very few Episcopal students who were not active in the Winchester Club, so they were usually vocal when they

returned to their own parishes. His reward came when many returned to St. Paul's to be married or brought back their children for him to see. On Christmas 1985 I received a card from a couple who had celebrated their 50th anniversary, having been married in 1935 at St. Paul's.

In those days church preference was not private. Every student filled out a church preference card which was passed on the respective church. The first meeting of the Winchester Club in the fall was a reception for new students. Returning students, with the help of the rector, saw to it that every Episcopal student received an invitation to the party. My mother worked hard to make these occasions memorable. Often there was a special theme. One year a "speakeasy" was constructed in the rectory--dancing and cards on the first floor with a bar in the basement serving cider with a "free lunch" set out for refreshments.

There were two Guilds for women. The Senior Guild met weekly and made handmade quilts on order. They met on Monday afternoons in the homes of members, never serving refreshments except on St. Paul's day when they had their annual meeting and election of officers. Most members of the Senior Guild were longtime members of the parish. I particularly remember Mrs. W.B. Welch, wife of Dr. Welch who helped found City Hospital. Mrs. Welch was quite old and helped only with the basting at the sewing meetings, using the same bent needle every week.

The Junior Guild consisted of women with other interests who did not sew. They usually had some kind of a study program and served refreshments.

Miss Belle Blanchard was the perennial church treasurer. Her brother-in-law, a physician, once told her she had curvature of the spine, so she never left her yard again. She was a tall woman, ram-rod straight in bearing. She was a wonderful cook and made cakes and bread for people, on order, and also did exquisite quilting for hire.

Usually, immediately after the 11:00 a.m. service, Mr. Jim McIlroy would take her the money so that she could count it and bring her records up to date. On Monday morning someone had to get the money and take it to the bank. As Miss Belle lived on the northwest corner of Maple and College, just two blocks from the rectory, it fell to my father to do this chore. If Mr. McIlroy wasn't able to take the money on Sunday, this, too, became the duty of the priest. Those were the safe days. No one bothered to lock their doors and robbery never occurred to us. When I married in 1939 my future husband thought the rectory should be locked since the wedding presents were on display. My father finally came up with a skeleton key to lock the front French door, flanked by full-length French windows.

Finances were tight in these years of the Great Depression. Miss Belle would notify my father that the church was out of money and he would go to Mr. McIlroy, who always paid his pledge by the quarter, for an advance, which was duly turned over to Miss Belle. Mr. McIlroy never consented to pay by the week or month to keep up the cash flow.

Altar flowers were usually from someone's yard. Only on Easter, Christmas, or some special day were "bought" flowers used. In winter an arrangement of holly, magnolia or some other natural foliage was used.

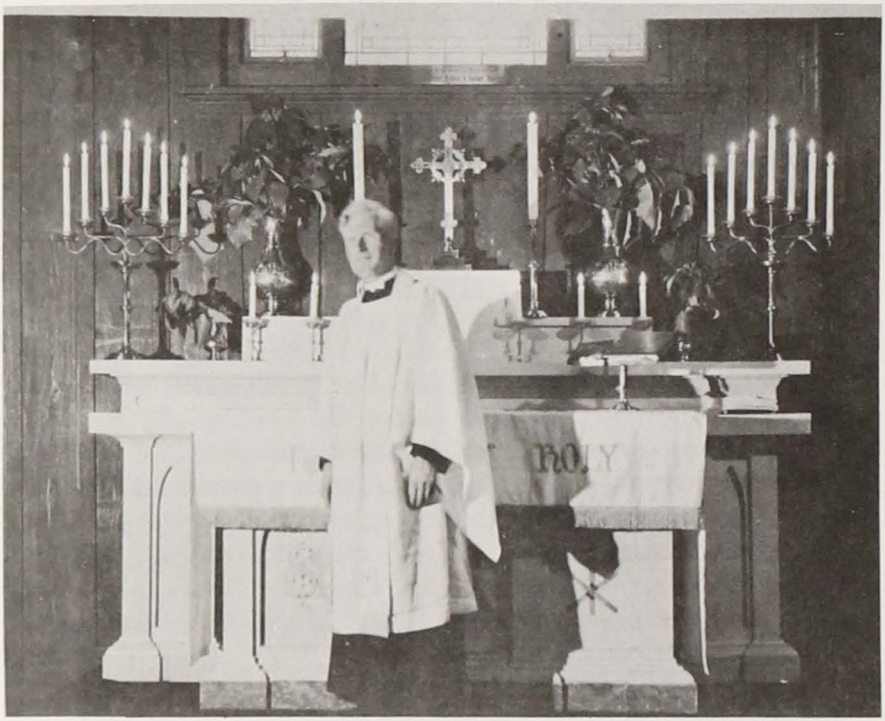
One of the first annual meetings of St. Paul's after we came to Fayetteville was held in the home of Mrs. Carl Bell on North Walnut Street. The furniture was pushed back and trestle tables constructed of saw horses and boards. A covered dish supper was served, followed by the meeting. Usually the meeting was held in the nave of the church since there was no other place.

Mrs. Mary Bateman was choir director when we came to St. Paul's and continued until soon after Mr. Lindloff came in 1944. She had taught voice at the University. Henry D. Tovey, head of the Music Department at the

University, was organist. Mr. Tovey, also a composer, wrote the music for the Alma Mater of the U. of A. At times, Mrs. Victor Russum acted as organist, and in the thirties Mildred Gillespie (Mrs. Homer Crow) became organist. Usually several students, both men and women, sang in the choir. The early communion service was at 7:30 a.m., Sunday School at 9:45, and the later service at 10:45. Churches tried to dismiss in time for students to get to the dormitories and fraternity houses by 12 o'clock when Sunday dinner was served. At this time very few students had cars and there was no bus service in the town. Often parishioners would load up their cars to take some students to the campus, and many walked. Few fraternities and sororities owned their houses, some renting quarters as far east of the campus as Washington Avenue and Mt. Nord. Distance from the campus proved no obstacle as we walked.

During these years, all cleaners, shoe repairmen and laundries had pick-up and delivery services. The cleaner's truck or Laner's Shoe Shop car would come by the sorority house early, pick up cleaning or shoes and take any students who were making an eight o'clock class. Students just piled in the back of the covered truck and sat on the floor. Late that same day the cleaning or shoes were returned. When the Kappa House was in the Drake home on Forrest Avenue we particularly disliked walking down the hill on Maple to Vandeventer as this street was unpaved, very steep and rough.

The widow of the Rev. T.M. Thorpe, rector at the time the corner stone was laid, became ill in January or February of 1929. She died during a spell of severe weather with deep snow on the ground. Being the daughter of Gov. Murphy, first post-Civil War governor of Arkansas, she was to be buried at Huntsville, her father's home. At that time, Bob Harris and his father, members of St. Paul's, had an undertaking business and furniture store in the Wolf Building, now the city administration building. Since there was no sign of improvement in the weather,



Samuel H. Rainey, Rector, Christmas 1938

chains were put on all four wheels of the hearse for the hazardous trip to Huntsville. The road was all gravel or dirt. At Goshen, the road wound around through the village and over Benson Mountain, then crossed the present Highway 45 and into Hindsville. (Highway 45 was not built until some 20 years later.) The road was very crooked and rocky, had many steep hills with narrow places, flimsy bridges and high bluffs with deep ditches. The hearse went first, with the driver and an assistant. Bob Harris, with my father and mother followed, driving his car. In those days, many cars did not have heaters, so everyone dressed warmly and carried lap robes. Driving in these heavy clothes and warm driving gloves with deep cuffs which covered part of the forearm was very tiring. Added to this was the cold feet suffered by the driver since he could not use a lap robe and drive — no automatic transmissions so

both feet were used. Hence, two drivers for the hearse on a forty to fifty mile trip.

Arrangements had been made for the grave to be dug, but when the cortege arrived at the cemetery, the gates were too narrow to admit the hearse, having been constructed for a horse-drawn vehicle. The only alternative was to carry the casket to the grave site. Mr. Harris, my father and two drivers enlisted the aid of the two gravediggers. Several times they were forced to set the casket down and rest when their hands became numb.

All the way to Huntsville Mr. Harris reiterated what a wonderful meal they would have at the small hotel. Good old country home cooking! They arrived at the hotel from the cemetery half-frozen and starved since they had left Fayetteville at eight o'clock that morning. The meal turned out to be terrible and mostly cold. At one point, Mr. Harris whispered to my mother, "Rigor mortis has already set in the mashed potatoes!" Late that afternoon the exhausted party returned to Fayetteville.

The church building was never locked and during the depression tramps slept in the church. This my father accepted (always referring to them as "those poor devils"), but he did object when they pulled up the carpet for cover. Other than this inconvenience, nothing was ever taken.

In the back of the church, south of the door, were three short pews for colored people. In the earlier days there had been some blacks who attended. During our stay in Fayetteville there were no black members, but these pews were always filled at funerals and many weddings, especially among the older families.

Soon after we came to Fayetteville Miss Sue Walker told us the following story. The large memorial window over the altar arrived and was duly installed. At early morning services on sunny days the glare from the window was almost blinding. The window was removed and returned to the maker to have darker glass installed. Note that the sky behind the figures is dark and almost stormy-looking.

The baptismal font was hand-carved native limestone, hexagonal in shape with the deeply incised letters "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism" cut around the outside. It stood on a wooden platform raised two steps above the floor of the nave. The priest conducted the baptism from this small elevated area. In the base was a drain that went directly to the ground.

In January, 1931 two students asked to be married by moonlight on the Finger farm, where they had become engaged. We waited for the moon to rise and since there was no gate near the selected spot, everyone was forced to crawl through a barbed wire fence. In order to have enough light to read, I was appointed to hold a flashlight on the prayer book. Unconventional weddings were rare, St. Paul's being the favorite site.

After the Rev. W.S. Simpson-Atmore left St. Steven's at Winslow and the Helen Dunlap School for Mountain Girls was closed, my father was appointed to oversee the summer conference for young people of the province, held every year at the old school building. This entailed many trips back and forth getting the grounds and building ready. Water was supplied from a well on the property and much work always had to be done on the pump and the rest of the system. He also had to recruit local people to serve as cooks, dietitian, maids, etc. to run the camp. The Frisco had good train service and many campers came by rail from Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma and other states in the province. This meant someone had to meet the trains since it was about a mile and a half up hill to the old school building. As the only swimming pool in Winslow was Slicker Park (the creek) at least one outing was organized to come to Fayetteville to the city pool. Afterward, the forty or fifty people were served picnic supper in the large yard of the rectory.

At least one bishop from the province was in residence for the entire camp and others were there part time. I particularly remember Bishop Houghdon of New Mexico and Bishop Seaman from Missionary District of West Texas.

Commencement at the U. of A. was held in the Greek Theatre. The procession formed in the basement of Old Main and proceeded to the amphitheatre along the brow of the bowl and down the center aisle. Faculty sat on the stage and graduates in chairs in the orchestra pit. This was a beautiful and colorful ceremony, both for baccalaureate and commencement, with many townspeople in attendance. In case of rain it was held in the auditorium of Old Main which was very small and required admission by card. The invocation was rotated among local clergy and occasionally the privilege of securing the speaker. One year Bishop Johnson of Colorado gave the sermon.

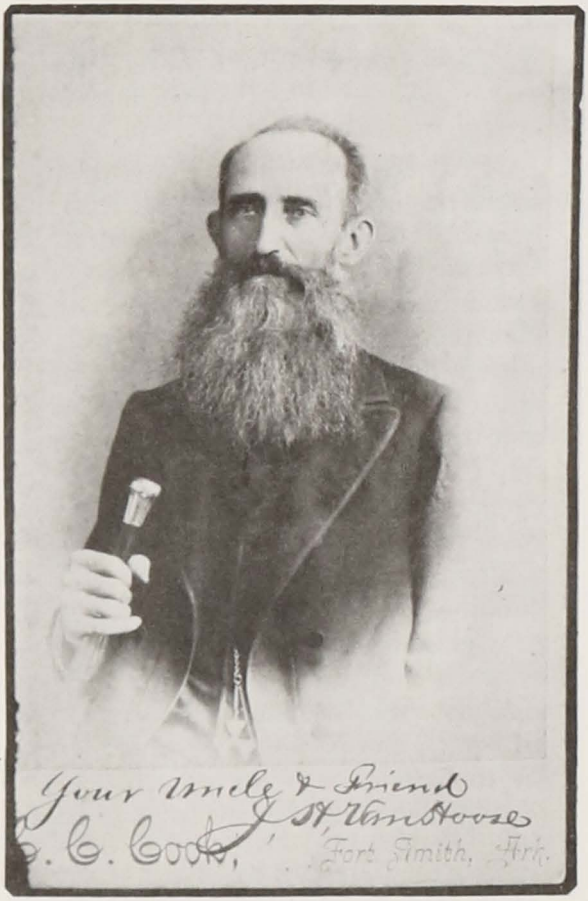
In the 20's and 30's Young Churchmen were known as the Young People's Service League — YPSL. Meetings were held in homes of the members of sponsors, since the church had no central meeting place. Except for Suzanne Lighton, who was always interested in teenagers, sponsors were usually parents of the young people. As I look back, I see a parish of mature adults with a small percentage of children and young people. Except for Brower's Mill, canning plants, Fulbright Wagon Factory, Jerpe's Egg and Chicken Processing, and the garment factory, there was little industry in Fayetteville. It was a stable town in 1939, claiming there had never been a bank failure. My father always said it was a fine place to live after you made your "pile".

Some identifications of persons in Vineyard School picture, 1912: Appeared in November '87 Flashback

2nd from right, on ground in knickers, James Herbert Chandler, Mrs. Gamble's older brother (3rd grade)

On left of Herbert (3rd from right) is Newton Albert Chandler, Mrs. Gamble's second oldest brother (1st grade)

At back, with black lapels, is Miss Julia Powers, teacher.



The following lines appear on the back of this photo:
"When this you see
You will think of me
Though in the Spirit
World I be.
Presented to my little friend, Miss Mattie Thompson
as a slight token of my love for her.
J.H. Van Hoose, Fayetteville, Ark. November 7, 1891"

AN INTERESTING LETTER

Col. J.H. Van Hoose wrote for the Fayetteville **Sentinel** *during the 1870s. He came to Fayetteville in 1850. Born in Kentucky, his parents brought him to Arkansas in 1839 when he was nine years old. He lived in Fayetteville from 1852 until his death in 1900. He was in retail and insurance businesses, but wrote many articles for publication. The following appeared in the Pine Bluff* **Daily Graphic** *March 5, 1897.*

Little Rock, Ark., March 1, 1897.
Hon. J.W. Adams, Editor of *Daily Graphic*,
Pine Bluff, Ark.

DEAR SIR: — Permit me through the columns of your excellent paper to return my thanks to yourself and our friends, Hon. Wm. H. Langford, Mayor Atkinson, General King White, Judge Jones, Sheriff Triplett, and Father Lucey and other genial citizens of Pine Bluff for the many courtesies and polite attentions shown to our committees during our very pleasant visit to your city, and assure you one and all that we were loth to leave you, and that we will carry with us to our several homes up among the Ozark and Boston mountains the most pleasant memories of you all, and will gladly tell our friends of your beautiful city, with the many evidences of prosperity and wealth; of your elegant churches and other public buildings, and above all those wonderful machine shops, belonging to the Cotton Belt Railroad, which we found so extensive and complete that we were amazed — having no idea that Arkansas had within her territory such wonderful works, and of which we would yet be ignorant of but for the kindness of Mayor Atkinson, Gen. White and many other genial citizens, who so kindly conveyed us to these shops.

Pine Bluff or any other city may well feel proud of such enterprises.

We were also pleased with the schools we visited and glad to see the improvements made by them.

Pine Bluff looks very different now from what it was when I first saw it, which was June 2, 1839, when the steamer Trident, commanded by Capt. Houston, landed at your landing and discharged a lot of freight which she had brought from Cincinnati, Ohio, at which city my father and family took passage on her for Fort Smith. While the boat lay at your landing a party of Indians mounted on ponies rode down the bank cut of the pine thicket, and one of them lead a pet bear on the boat and

sold it to the mate, who carried it on the bow of the boat and said that he would take it back to Ohio with him. I was then nine years old and I can yet remember how I disliked the idea of coming to a country where the forest was full of Indians and bears. I would very much liked just then to have been back in my "old Kentucky home far away." I imagine there are no houses yet standing that were built so long ago as 1839. My recollection of the place then is that there were only a few houses near the river, and they were mostly built of logs. I remember seeing a forest of pine trees near the river bank; I remember also that on each side of the river below and above Pine Bluff, there were dense forests and thick cane brakes, and at several places between the mouth of the river and Van Buren, we saw large flocks of wild turkeys and herds of deer on the banks of the river, and cleared fields and farm houses were like angel's visits. Arkansas then was very sparsely settled and the pioneers labored under many disadvantages unknown to the present generation, but with all its disadvantages, if I knew where to find another country just like it, old as I am, I would be tempted to go to it. At the time I first saw Pine Bluff we were on our way from eastern Kentucky to Washington County, Arkansas, where my father settled in the wilderness and went to work to clear up the forest and fence and cultivate the fertile soil of the White River bottoms. There, I grew up to manhood, working on the farm until twenty-one years old, without any education, as there were no schools then in that new country; and when twenty-one years of age I had never attended a school, even the most primitive, as much as six months all put together. The only free school I ever attended was in the summer of 1846, and then only for eleven days. The only instructions I ever received in the school room that was worthy of the name was at Ozark Institute, near Fayetteville, which I attended fifteen months after I was a grown man. I rejoice to see the great improvements in Arkansas in the way of schools for the youths of our land, and especially in our magnificent State University located at Fayetteville where the young men

and young women of Arkansas can receive a first class collegiate education, and ought to be liberally sustained and patronized by the people of Arkansas, and will be when they fully understand the great advantages offered there.

But it was of my visit to Pine Bluff I desire to speak, and I would have been glad to meet Col. Bocage and talk with him about the olden times, but I learned he was not at home. This was my first visit there since April, 1886, when the grand Commandery of the K.P. held its conclave there and re-elected my old friend, that whole soled, fine old Arkansaw gentleman, Maj. John D. Adams, as our General Commander. We had a good time then and a splendid banquet given us by the good people of Pine Bluff, and I enjoyed hearing Col. Bocage speak that night of early days in Jefferson County. My good friends, Col. M.L. Bell and John M. Clayton, were then active in trying to make us all feel at home, but they, like our beloved Grand Commander, Adams, Col. Logan H. Roots, George Kimble, George Meade, Fred Kramer, Dr. H.T. Mann, of Fort Smith, and several other noble hearted Templars then present, have "passed over the river" to their final rest.

Pardon me for making this communication so long and allow me once more to thank our good friends of Pine Bluff for their very polite and kind attentions to myself and other members of the Arkansas Legislature, composing the committee sent to visit the Normal Branch of the A.I.U..

Very respectly, your friend and obedient servant,

J.H. VanHoose

Genealogists Please Note!

Do not trash your 1987 Membership List! At the annual meeting it was decided that we will print a membership list every few years, with an addendum each year listing new members for that year and the families they are researching. Thus, we will be able to satisfy the genealogists and save some money for the Society. Anyone who wants to add names to their "search list" is invited to do so

FAYETTEVILLE LIONS CLUB

A Synoptic History

by Lion Thad Rowden, P.D.G.

The Fayetteville Lions Club, now in its 65th year, was chartered in May of 1923 with 25 charter members, and has been continuously active since. The last charter member, G.A.M. Johnson, retired manager of the telephone company, passed away in 1960. A fire in the office of the club secretary in 1963 destroyed the club's records, so information from 1923 to 1963 is fragmentary. Only 18 of our current members were active in 1963.

The Fort Smith Lions Club sponsored the Fayetteville Lions Club. Since then, we have sponsored the chartering of the Huntsville Lions Club in 1927, the Rogers, Springdale, and Prairie Grove Lions Clubs in 1946, Greenland and Elkins in 1960, Fayetteville Evening Lions in 1962, Upper White River in 1969, and Bentonville, Decatur, and Farmington in 1970.

The writer happens to be the oldest member of this club, in years of service, with 52 years of continuous active service. Lion Hugh Kincaid received his "50 Year Old Monarch" status in 1986, and Lion Paul Young, Jr. should receive his in January 1988. We remember the "good ol' days" of Lions Club Minstrel Shows, light bulb and broom sales, the distribution of free milk to needy school children (4,200 gallons over a four-year period), and the distribution of Christmas baskets of food, clothing, and even wood, to needy families (410 familes over a 13-year period).

A condensed copy of our club reports from Lions International records gives little information prior to 1927. Our records of club presidents shows Lion Tom Hart, a local banker, was our first club president. The names of all past club presidents are shown each year in our Annual Club Directory, with Lion Tom Jones being the last one listed. Lion Ralph Treat is the current president. A framed picture of all these Lions has just been updated, and will be displayed at our weekly meetings, each Wednesday noon,

held at the Park Inn in Fayetteville.

The Fayetteville Lions Club, for all these many years, has perhaps been the most active Lions Club in our district. It has furnished many District Governors, beginning with Lion Roy Adams, a local florist in 1930-31, continuing with Lion Sam Schweiger in 1942-43, Thad Rowden in 1948-49, Bob Cheyne in 1961-62, Dick Worthington in 1965-66, Art Spooner in 1966-67, and Al Hughes, Jr. in 1970-71.

One of our most ambitious programs was undertaken in 1931 when the club started a long-range project of construction and improvement of the city's Harmon Playfield. The Lions Club built the original fieldhouse, with dressing rooms and showers, and sodded the football field. Money was borrowed from local banks, with notes signed by the club's presidents and secretaries. The loans were repaid over a period of years with monies from various fund-raising projects. In 1947 the Lions Club spent $3,900 to enlarge this fieldhouse. This improvement exists today as a remodeled portion of the Youth Center, housing the coaches' offices. Cornerstones at the southeast corner state "Lions Club Fieldhouse, 1931" and at the northeast corner state "Lions Club Fieldhouse, 1947", giving ample evidence of the club's long-time involvement in youth and education programs.

Records are not available to show the amount of money raised for these early projects. Excerpts to indicate that the club ran a water line to the Girl Scout cottage on the east slope of Mt. Sequoyah for $125, placed picnic tables in the City Park in 1948, and spent $3,007 for Harmon Playfield improvements in 1951, $1,100 for foreign exchange students in 1954, and $1,000 to erect bleachers at Harmon Playfield in 1958. In 1965 the club contributed $1,500 to the Boys Club swimming pool project, $400 for an eye testing machine in 1967, $1,250 to the Boy Scout Camp Orr Fund, and $600 toward a hydroptherapy pool fund. $600 went toward a station wagon for the Boys Club in 1968, and another $600 in 1969. $1,500 went to the Little

Rock Medical Center in 1969, $600 to the Youth Center in 1972, with yearly contributions to the Center since then for a total to date of $14,400. Our first contribution to Richardson Center was in 1977, with $3,750 to them since then. The Salvation Army Summer Camp Fund has received $5,050 since 1968, the Boy and Girl Scout programs $4,145, and Boys' and Girls' States $5,522. We have given $6,230 to Fayetteville High School students' scholarships, $3,080 to Sherman Lollar baseball, and $1,380 to girls' softball programs.

For the past 24 years, income from our fund-raising activities totals $129,394 from about 20 different projects, making a total of $158,406 contributed to worthy causes by the Fayetteville Lions Club. The $29,394 difference was contributed by Lions Club members from dues paid into our contingent fund. Contributions are about equally divided between State and International project ($78,525), local projects ($58,691 for local youth and education), and $29,210 for local Sight Conservation (eye glasses and examinations). The largest amounts were sent to our two major state sponsored projects: $53,000 to Arkansas Enterprises for the Blind (owned and operated by Arkansas Lions), and $18,000 to the Arkansas Eye and Kidney Bank (also operated by Arkansas Lions).

Fayetteville Lions Club members are all justifiably proud of their club's 65 years as a leading civic/service club, contributing time and money, with the generous cooperation of our many friends, merchants and individuals, to assist others in time of need through our annual Auction of the Air, White Cane Days, and other fund-raisers.

FAYETTEVILLE LIONS CLUB — 26-YEAR SPECIAL ACTIVITIES CLUB

Net Income From Fund Raising Projects:

Auctions of the Air	$69,300.00
Light Bulb Sales	1,736.00
TV Ticket Raffles	7,817.00
Washington County Fair Concessions	1,643.00

U. of A. Ticket Raffles		5,195.00
White Cane Days		21,852.00
Craft Shows		1,781.00
U. of A. Usher Project		6,063.00
Interest, Lion Members Loan/Investment Plan		8,144.00
Magazine Drives		246.00
Concert Proceeds		360.00
Theater Ticket Sales		74.00
Newspaper Project		346.00
Easter Bread Project		116.00
Mall Perfume Project		156.00
Coloring Books		865.00
Bank Account Interest		571.00
Privilege and Member-At-Large Fees		1,470.00
Misc. Income, Memorial Gifts, Poster Sales, etc.		1,653.00
	Total	$129,394.00

LIONS CLUBS CONTRIBUTIONS:

State and International Gifts:

Arkansas Enterprises for the Blind (AEB)		$ 53,000.00
Arkansas Eye and Kidney Bank (EKB)		18,800.00
Mid-South Lions Sight Service		350.00
Lions Club International Foundation (LCIF)		1,325.00
American Diabetes		2,500.00
Arkansas Medical Center		1,750.00
Arkansas 4-H Club Association		700.00
Arkansas Sheriff's Boys & Girls Camps		100.00
	Total	$ 78,525.00

Local Youth and Education Agencies:

Youth Baseball (Sherman Lollar)		2,680.00
Fayetteville Youth Center		14,450.00
Salvation Army Summer Camp Program		5,050.00
Boys and Girls Scouts		4,145.00
Lake Fayetteville Park		500.00
Girls Softball		1,380.00
Fayetteville High School Scholarships		6,230.00
Boys and Girls State		5,222.00
Fayetteville Elementary "Mr. McGruff" Program		780.00
Richardson Center (Handicapped Children)		3,750.00
Wash. Reg. Med. Center Nurses Scholarship		900.00
Harding University "Americanism" Seminars		435.00
Arts Live		135.00
Harmon Playfield Improvements		2,200.00
Young Life		2,500.00
Junior Olympics		314.00
	Total	$ 50,671.00

Other Local and Miscellanous

Local Sight Conservation (exams and glasses)	14,500.00
Elderly Nutrition	200.00

Washington County Historical Society		1,130.00
Life Styles		1,150.00
North Arkansas Radiation Therapy Institute		300.00
Fayetteville Open Channel TV		100.00
Fayetteville Library Projector		480.00
Wash. Reg. Med. Center Laser Camera Fund		6,500.00
Miscellaneous Contributions		4,850.00
	Total	$ 29,210.00
26-Year Total Contributions		$158,406.00
		-129,394.00
Difference between Income and Contributions		29,012.00
General Fund, member dues		

* Does not include several thousand dollar raised and spent in the construction of the Harmon Playfield Field House, and the cost of sodding the original football field in the 30's.

A LETTER FROM JUDGE TEBBETTS

The Society is always most happy to publish any items about the Tebbetts family and the activities that took place during the Judge's occupancy of Headquarters House. Lawrence Hester, the great-grandson of Ransom Hester, generously gave us a copy of the letter shown here. Ransom Hester of Frog Bayou, Crawford County, AR was a trusted friend and co-worker of Jonas Tebbetts.

You will read about their close association in this November 2, 1860 letter written as Tebbetts prepared to leave for a political duty in "Kansas" Territory.

Fayetteville, Arks.
November 2, 1860

Dear Sir:

I have been appointed by the Government to attend to some business in the City of Leavenworth, Kanzas Territory and shall start in a day or two for that place. I leave everything in your hands. I have confidence in your good

1 2 3

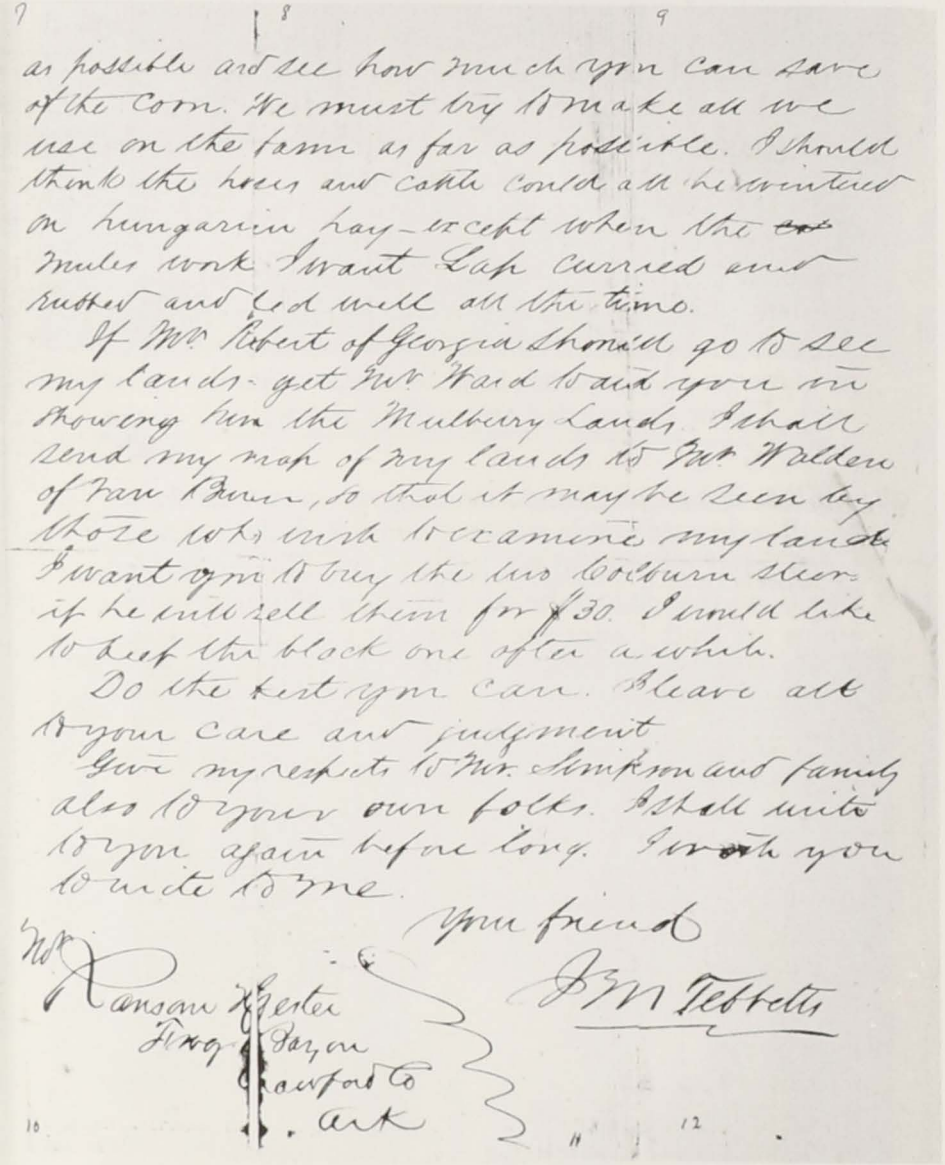
Fayetteville, Ark's
November 2, 1860

Dear Sir:

I have been appointed by the Government to attend to some business in the City of Leavenworth, Kanzas Territory and shall start in a day or two for that place. I leave everything in your hands. I have confidence in your good judgment and energy. If I can get a good hand I will send him down before I leave home. Keep on the building of the stables as rapidly as possible. Get to the clearing of the track of land you mentioned to me and if the weather is suitable get the plows a going. Remember that I do not wish any but my own stock to run on the fields except your two animals. You know my objection to their use for I expect a crop. I cannot consent that any families shall stay on the farm but your own. You know my reasons for it. I will not make an exception at all it would be unfair to those who now live on the farm to do it. I respect them very much. Of course Mr. [illegible] from his family will remain until they can get a home and the early part of the Spring. Try to do it economical

4 5 6

A reproduction of the J.M. Tebbetts' letter to Ransom Hester. Note the markings 1 thru 12 numbered for each segment. The folded original had to be assembled by 12 pieces where it had given way to the folds. The note paper measured approximately 7½"x9¾".


7 8 9

as possible and see how much you can save of the corn. We must try to make all we use on the farm as far as possible. I should think the hogs and cattle could all be wintered on hungarian hay - except when the ~~co~~ mules work I want Cap curried and rubbed and fed well all the time.

If Mr. Robert of Georgia should go to see my lands - get Mr. Ward to and show him showing him the Mulberry Lands I shall send my map of my lands to Mr. Walden of Van Buren, so that it may be seen by those who wish to examine my lands I want you to buy the two Colburn steers if he will sell them for $30. I would like to keep the block one often a while.

Do the best you can. Leave all to your care and judgment

Give my respects to Mr. Simpkins and family also to your own folks. I shall write to you again before long. I wish you to write to me.

Your friend

J M Tebbetts

Mr. Ransom Hester
Fayetteville
Washington Co
Ark

10 11 12

judgment and energy. If I can get a good hand I will send him down before I leave home. Press on the building of the stables as rapidly as possible. Get to the clearing of the tract of land you mentioned to me and if the weather is suitable get the plows going. Remember that I do not wish any but my own stock to run on the fields except your two animals. You know my objection to this for I explained it fully. I cannot consent that any families shall stay on the farm but your own. You know my reasons for if I would make an exception at all it would be in favor of those who now live on the farm for I respect them very much. Of course Mr. Simpson and his family will remain until they can get a home in the early part of the spring. Try to be as economical as possible and see how much you can save of the corn. We must try to make all we use on the farm as far as possible. I should think the horses and cattle could all be wintered on hungarian hay* — except when the mules work. I want Lap curried and rubbed and fed well all the time.

If Mr. Robert of Georgia should go to see my lands, get Mr. Ward to aid you in showing him the Mulberry Lands. I shall send my map of my lands to Mr. Walden of Van Buren, so that it may be seen by those who wish to examine my land. I want you to buy the two Colburn steers if he will sell them for $30. I would like to beef the black one after a while.

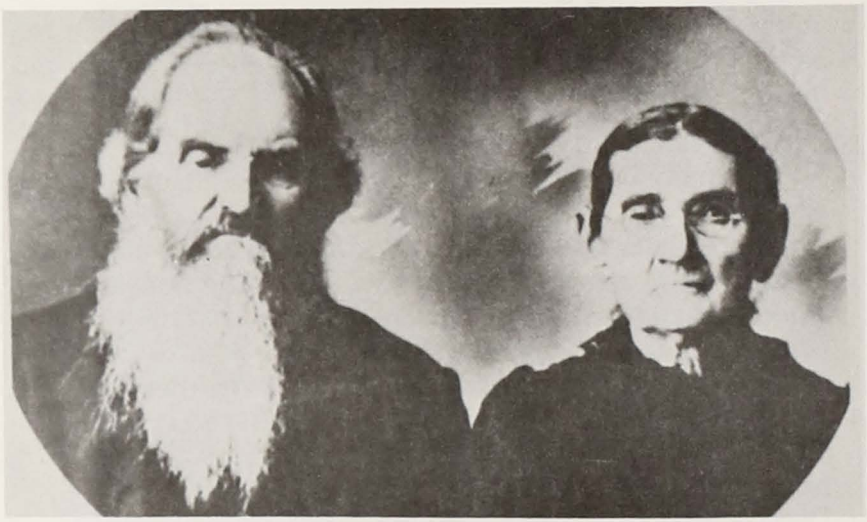
Do the best you can. I leave all to your care and judgment.

Give my respects to Mr. Simpson and family, also to your own folks. I shall write to you again before long. I wish you to write to me.

Your friend
J.M. Tebbetts

To:
Ransom Hester
Frog Bayou
Crawford Co.
Ark.

**Hungarian hay - a plant high in nutritious protein.*



Ransom Hester and Talitha (Moore) Hester.

Lewis P. Hester was father of Lawrence B. Hester who gave us the letter to Ransom Hester from Jonas Tebbetts. Lewis P., grandson of Ransom, carried mail from Baldwin, AR to Round Mountain and throughout the Wyman area. Shown here with his wagon and mules, he fulfilled his duties as a rural carrier in the best traditions of the U.S. Post Office between April 22, 1922 until he retired April 24, 1937.

CUMMINGS FAMILY

The American history of the Washington Co. AR Cummings Family begins with the emigrant, John Cummings, who was born in Scotland about 1730. He married in Scotland a Julie Bell, born in Ireland. According to family memory they arrived in Maryland, and later moved to Rockingham, North Carolina. Their first child, Mary, was born 16 January, 1755; therefore, they surely arrived in this country prior to 1754. Robert Cummings, their son, was born 24 January, 1760 and married a Mary Knight. He served in the Revolutionary War. Their Arkansas history begins with a son, Newton Benton Cummings, born 13 December, 1812 in North Carolina. His parents died when he was a young boy. The next we know about Newton he is a land owner in Bedford Co., Tennessee, where he married Lucy McGill 17 February, 1842. Four of their children were born in Tennessee; Keeble Carr who married Emma Vail, Kinyard Ross married ?; Van Tramp, killed in Civil War; Sarah Edna who died as a child; James Haden who married Caledonia Sanders. Newton and Lucy moved to Wesley, Arkansas in 1853, where the last two children were born; Mary Caldone who married Dr. John P. Hight; and Clem Lock who married Mary Zellner. All of the children were married in Arkansas. Newton and Lucy are buried in the Prairie Grove Cemetary. Emma Vail Cummings died 1 July, 1883, and Newton and Keeble Carr moved to Prairie Grove, Washington Co., AR in 1881.

Keeble Carr Cummings and Emma Vail had the following issue; Hugh Douglas born 24 October, 1875, married Mary Rebecca Maupin 18 July, 1909, and died 15 February, 1955. Earnest Hayden born in 1877 died 10 March, 1903 in Prescott, Arizona, never married. Keeble fought with the South in the War Between the States and lost an arm in the battle of Helena. He served at one time as treasurer of Washington County. Both Keeble and Emma are buried at Prairie Grove.

Hugh Douglas Cummings lived most of this life in Prairie Grove, AR where on 18 July, 1909 he married Mary Rebecca Maupin, the daughter of Abraham Lincoln Maupin and Emeline Leiza Campbell. Both are buried at Prairie Grove. The following children resulted from this union.

1. Lincoln Maupin born 9 June, 1910 married Louise Kaiser Fortsen. He served for years as Judge of the Washington County Circuit Court, and retired from the United States Army as a Major General. They had two children, Colonel Dr. Douglas Maupin married Mary Ellen Frollo, of Amsterdam, New York, lives in Millersville, Maryland, and Attorney Gordon Lincoln lives in Fayetteville, AR, married Debra Iona Lowery, of Seattle, Washington.

2. Lucy McGill born 13 October, 1911 married Dr. William Webster. They reside in Monroe, LA and have one daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who married Thomas Richardson.

3. Emilie Campbell born 13 November 1913 married Alvin Bell and had one daughter Emilie Elizabeth who married Donald Giles, and lives in Fayetteville, AR. Emilie and Alvin resided at the old Cummings Home adjacent to the Prairie Grove Battle Grounds.

4. Mary Rebecca born 30 March, 1916 married Cyrene Jongeward. Mary now lives in Rogers, AR. They had no issue.

5. Roberta Douglas born 10 November, 1917 married Robert L. Tucker. They now live, retired, on Beaver Lake. Issue: Nancy Jane married Richard Jennings and lives in Houston, TX; Emilie Culver married Richard Varnell and lives in Fort Worth, TX; Robert L. married Jeanette Abney and lives in Dubai, Persian Gulf; Lucy Lockhart married Brett Smith and lives in Little Rock; Susan Vail married Duke Chappuis and lives in Houston, TX.

"ELLUM SPRINGS"

by Helen Young Luke

One of the quaintest small towns I ever saw is Elm Springs, Arkansas (called "Ellum Springs" by the townspeople). It is high up in the Ozark Mountains, eleven miles from Fayetteville, where the University of Arkansas is located, and seven miles from the railroad town of Springdale. I taught my first school there in 1928-29, an eight months school, at the end of my second year at the university. My recollections of the place are some of my treasured memories.

The town had a listed population of 140 inhabitants in 1927, and when I visited it again in May, 1981, over 50 years later, the map listed it as having 660 inhabitants. The growth of 520 people during that time was probably the slender margin by which the births offset the deaths!

My first view of the town was from the front seat of a spring wagon called the "mail hack", which was driven daily by the RFD carrier over the rutted mountain roads. He had picked up my small steamer trunk and me at the depot in Springdale, by arrangement with Dink McKinnon, secretary of the board of the Elm Springs School District.

The town got its name from a large natural spring around which the town had been built by early settlers, who, tired of the long trek west, stopped in this favored spot. Huge elm trees surrounded the pool made by the spring and were reflected with crystal clearness in its limpid depths. At one side, the spring bubbled from a mossy crevice in a huge boulder, ice-cold and marvelously clear. Large stones had been set in the ground about the pool and formed a rough natural border. The pool was the essence of serenity, I can imagine those who knew of it seeking it out as a spiritual as well as a physical retreat.

In winter, watercress grew under the snow and ice about the edges of the pool and the creek beyond — crisp, spicy and fragrant. In other sections of the county it was picked

and sold commercially, but here only the townspeople gathered it for flavor in the turnip greens, or to eat it out of hand as a snack.

The school district had employed me to be one of five teachers for the 12 year school. The principal and I taught the high school classes, the other three teachers taught the elementary grades. Living there for a period of eight months, having daily contact with the students made me feel quite at home with them and their families, among the winding country roads.

I saw the seasons come and go as they have done for hundreds of years, but their beauty was very moving. Fall had already brought its early morning and late afternoon chills when I arrived, and a slumberous purple and gold haze had begun to burn on the distant ridges. In the corners of the split rail fences grew sumac, sassafras and hazelnut bushes and across the fence rails trailed blackberry and muscadine vines. As I walked along the roads, I saw an almost daily change as their foliage deepened from green to palest gold, to red and bronze with the progress of the season. I went nutting with the students for hickory and black walnuts that lay on the ground for the taking, and helped them pick muscadines for their mothers.

The muscadine is an unusual wild fruit, which I had first met as a child in the rural sections of Oklahoma. It is described scientifically as a grape, but larger, being about like a small plum. The plant grows in clusters of three, on a long tenuous vine, which turns a vivid, spotted scarlet when the frosts come. Then the fruit becomes a deep purple with minute yellow spots and a heady juice. It makes superb jelly and occasionally one is served, when visiting, a tiny glass sparkling liquid garnet, called muscadine wine.

During my first few weeks I found families making sauerkraut, hominy and apple butter, products for which the region is famous. The hilly old orchards had ancient gnarled apple trees whose fruit had a most seductive flavor. Many of the apples; Arkansas Blacks, Stayman-Winesaps,

Black Twigs and Greenings were put in split wooden baskets for storage in the earthen cellars, some were dried and the rest were made into apple butter.

One golden Indian summer afternoon, I visited a cabin home with one of my students. Under the maple trees in the backyard the family was making apple butter. A copper lined washpot was bubbling away over a fragrant wood fire that had burned to glowing embers. The mother stirred the pot constantly with a long wooden spoon. My sample on a piece of homemade bread was a brown, spicy sauce with a heavenly aroma, topped with a glass of cold buttermilk from the spring house.

I returned to the same farm the next week, with the air full of October haze, to see the process of making sauerkraut. Great heads of green cabbages were being shredded on a heavy wooden slab, the shreds dumped in alternate layers with salt into an old barrel and tamped down with a block of wood fastened onto a pole. After filling the barrel, a "head" slightly smaller than the mouth of the barrel was put on top and weighted down by a huge scrubbed boulder. The whole was then set away to ferment in the cool darkness of the cellar. I learned how declicious this kraut tasted one snowing evening when I came to dinner and had a plateful that had been cooked with pork ribs. What a dish!

Those same copper-lined pots, of black iron, were used as wash pots for the weekly laundry, for scalding the carcasses of hogs during "hogkilling", for making slabs of ivory soap with a brown crust and for making hominy. In this last process the grains were cut from white field corn and scalded in a lye bath in the pots, until the outside husk was eaten off. This home variety was never as white as commercially canned hominy, which has been bleached, but tasted so much better.

After the long, golden Autumn days came the short cold winter ones. To me they seemed to have been dominated by the lingering and startling sunsets. School was not out

until four o'clock and by then the sun would be setting as I walked the mile to the house where I stayed. The school house was built at the edge of town on a small hill and I had a view of the entire community as I started home. The picture was like an old Christmas card, with the slender white church steeple and old bell tower silhouetted against the glowing skies.

I enjoyed the long evenings in front of the fireplace, grading papers and watching the progress of my intelligent students. Sometimes the snow could be seen in delicate ridges along the panes of the windows and this made the fire seem cozier still. As the logs fell apart and the fire died down, one could truly see fabulous cities in its glowing embers, while the old wooden clock ticked away and shadows danced over the bright hand woven rugs. Also, we often heard the distant baying of hounds and yipping of a fox as the men were out "possum" hunting. We often had roast possum with sweet potatoes, which we ate with corn bread and greens.

School, I found, was out before spring had hardly come, so I was glad I had enjoyed winter to its full; the brimming pans of popcorn, the crisp apples, home roasted peanuts, the legends I heard and the wonderful people that told them to me.

I lived with the family of the local blacksmith, his wife, and a daughter who was an eleventh grader at the school. Their house was a gathering place on weekends for friends, family and neighbors.

EPILOGUE

After attending my 50th reunion at the university in May, 1981, my brother and I drove to Elm Springs. Lush fields of soy beans, grape vines and truck gardens are where many of the old orchards used to be. The road now is a two lane black top with a few sturdy rail fences covered with blackberry, honeysuckle and wild roses. The last of the buttercups and lupine were going. The new red brick church, in the same place, has a tall white steeple. The old

cemetery is larger and well cared for. A big fire totaled the few stores, some years ago, but they have been rebuilt very different from my memory of the old ones.

The old school still stands — used now as a senior citizens' center — the students are bussed to Springdale, seven miles away.

Someone has said, "You can't go back again," but I did, only to find "Ellum Springs", as I knew it, lives only in my mind, but I love it still.

QUERIES

Mrs. L.W. Rash, Rte. 2, Box 3370, Porter TX 77365: I am searching for my great grandfather: William McDONALD: (do not know when he was born or died). Josephine McDonald, (my grandmother) was born Sept. 2, 1863 in Arkadelphia, Ark. and was a daughter of Caroline and William McDonald. She married William Vincent FALKNER, Mar. 27, 1880, Franklin, Robertson, County Texas. The Falkner's are buried at Battle, Texas, near Mart, Tex. WM. McDonald must have died in Arkadelphia, because in the 1870 census Caroline is shown being a widow in Tex.

Dwight Lynn Alford, Rte. 2, Box 90, Morrison, TN 37357 is seeking information on YELL family.

Susan L. Mitchell, 34233 Shawnee Trail, Westland, MI 48185 is seeking descendants of James HEWITT (son of Pardon C.) b. ca 1844, Athens County, OH, resided MO, KS 1870-1880, removed to Siloam Springs, Benton County, AR after 1880. Married Martha, children: Howard, Phelia B., Etiah, Fayette, Earl, Mary, Maggie, Eiinona, and Jamesina.

John Hughes, 15244 Orchard Drive, Sonora, CA 95370 is searching for descendents of George Washington HUGHES, b. ca 1816, NC and Sarah PASCHAL Hughes, b. ca 1818, NC. Their known children are: John G., B. ca 1840; Joseph Monroe, b. 1 June 1843, d. 8 March 19 ; James, b. 8 March 1845, d. March 1863; Sarah Frances, b. Sept. 1846, d. 22 March 1863; Thomas H., b. 26 Sept. 1848; Daniel, B. 7 Sept. 1850, d. 24 June 1877; Samuel, b. 22 Sept. 1852, d. 1924; Martha Elizabeth, b. 3 March 1854. The family moved from NC to TN to MO to Washington County, AR around 1859. Would like any information on this and related families.

Ms. Mamie E. Cox-Parker, 1412 S. W. 54 Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73119 addresses school teachers or students of the school district called "Rieff Chapel", located 5½ miles southwest of Fayetteville on the Johnson farm. "I need a copy of a picture of this school which was active in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Am preparing a genealogy of my family in this school district and have several school-related objects of this period."

HISTORIC USES OF ARKANSAS OZARK BLUFFLINES

by Jerry E. Hilliard
Arkansas Archeological Survey

The aboriginal use of Ozark blufflines and natural shelter sites is well documented in the archeological literature (Sabo et al 1982, Scholtz 1969, Trubowitz 1980). Natural shelters along blufflines provided excellent habitation sites and storage facilities for prehistoric peoples. South-facing aspect blufflines with large shelters were favored for winter habitation sites, although many small shelters and north facing shelters were used as well for storage facilities and temporary camp areas. Very little archeological data regarding historic period use of blufflines and shelters have been published, although Sabo et al

(1982:149) have identified blufflines as an historic site likelihood zone and define potential historic uses of blufflines. The purpose of this paper, then, is to assess historic utilization of blufflines and discuss archeological and other data that are evidence of historic period use.

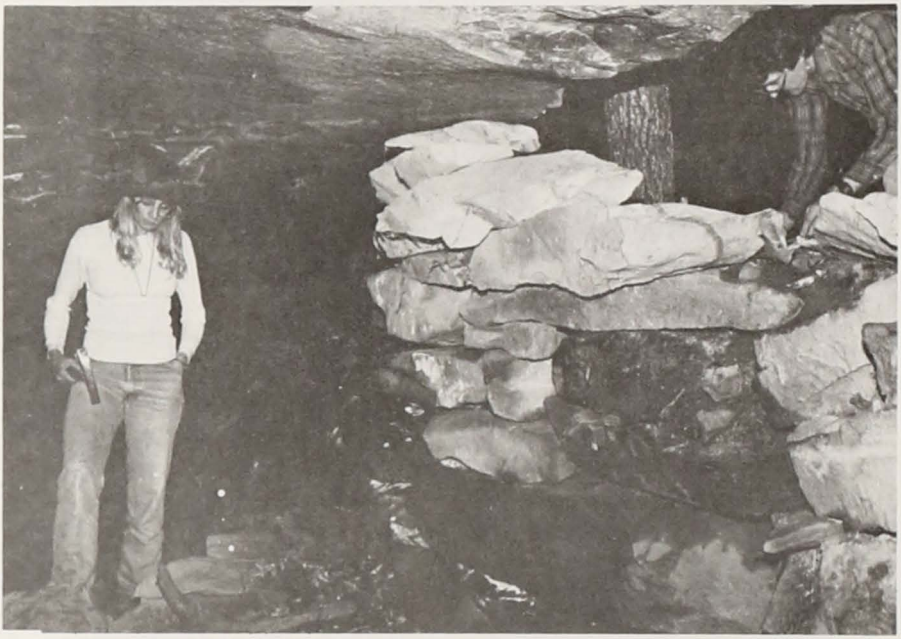
The term bluffline here is used to refer to a historic period use zone comprising four natural features. These features are: 1) vertical bluffs, 2) bluff shelters, 3)bluff talus areas, and 4) bluff top edges. Each area, as we will see, has separate as well as interrelated uses during varying historic periods.

VERTICAL BLUFFS

The vertical bluff is the bluff wall itself, usually a sheer sandstone and/or limestone rock outcrop immediately above a stream valley or mountain or ridge flat or sloping bench. Located on the bluff top edge is the mountain or ridge summit, or another series of benches and bluffs. Visible evidence most commonly seen today of the historic use of the vertical bluff face is that of fenceline ends at the bluff base marking property boundaries perpendicular to the bluffline. Fenceposts are oftentimes placed adjacent to the bluff face wall with barbed wire and posts forming a barrier down the sides of mountains and ridges. The bluff face provides a natural boundary marker and barrier to contain domestical animals within one's property. Most of the fencelines we see today along these blufflines were built in the early 20th century. Earlier homesteaders would have most likely let domestic animals forage more freely with little or no fencing along the bluffs necessary. During the Maximum Occupation Period from between 1875 to 1930 (Stewart-Abernathy 1982) farmsteads were relatively small and more numerous than before. Fencing at this time in wooded mountainous areas would have allowed livestock to forage within one's wooded property without roaming onto an adjacent property owner's wooded forage tract.

Vertical bluffs also provide a barrier from above and an excellent lookout point high above surrounding terrain for those who have for well over a hundred years have been

interested in the illicit production of moonshine liquor. Isolated stream valleys and blufflines with adequate springs along the bluff talus provide the best locations in the Ozarks for stills. Seclusion, protection, and the availability of numerous water sources make the Ozark bluffline an excellent choise for the locations of illicit distilleries. Other natural features along the bluffline will also be discussed in the production of moonshine.



Interior view of shelter with a rock wall used to hide still operation. Debbie Mott to left in photo with Jerry Hilliard at top of wall.

Other possible uses of Ozark blufflines include mining and gristmill operations. Vertical bluffs with substantial waterfalls were sometimes used to house "overshot" waterwheels for gristmill operations (Sabo et al 1982:95).

The gristmill was a vital local service for every farmer, and quickly became a natural social gathering place. Most mills were probably of the "undershot" type wheel, utilizing streams since waterfalls were not numerous or large

enough in most cases to meet the needs of every community. Some vertical bluffline and caves contain potassium nitrate or saltpeter which was mined in order to manufacture gunpowder by the Confederate Army during the Civil War (Sabo et al 1982:101). These were mainly small operations scattered throughout the country side (Pitcaithley 1976:116-117).

BLUFF SHELTERS

Bluff shelters have been used extensively in the Ozarks during historic times. Use of shelters is dependent upon many factors, including size, aspect, and proximity to water sources. Bluff shelters are eroded portions of vertical bluffs consisting of limestone, shale, and sandstone. Natural shelters are normally irregular and/or linear in shape with overhangs comprised of the uneroded bluffline above. Rockfall occurs frequently along shelters and bluff faces sometimes changing the configuration and size of shelters greatly through time. A large shelter with much usable space can, fifty years later, be partially filled or blocked with rockfall. We can see, therefore, that the use of a particular shelter may change through time depending on the natural forces at work at that particular shelter location.

Permanent dwellings have been documented for shelters occupied in the early 1900s and later (Faris 1983, and sites on file Arkansas Archeological Survey), and evidence of log cabin construction within shelters is well presented by Paul Faris (1983:69). Shelters chosen for more permanent dwellings are larger and oftentimes contain substantial evidence of earlier Indian occupation. A permanent water source is usually located in, or very near shelters chosen for permanent dwellings.

Some of the shelters of permanent habitation sites were occupied during the depression in the 1930s. Other shelter "houses" may have been built earlier as squatters moved into public land tracts during the 19th century. Some of these shelter structures, notably "Moonshine Shelter", 3WA298, are documented to have been built and used

when the property was under public domain.

Shelters used for camping, hunting, and other limited activities are of all varieties and sizes, depending upon the time of year of use and intended function. Several small, south-facing shelters have been discovered with a single, stacked sandstone wall constructed on the west side of the shelter. These walls were built from the back bluff wall to the front of the shelter to or slightly beyond the dripline. They were probably constructed to block west and northwest winds from the shelter campfire and occupant(s) within. One such shelter in Washington County, 3WA573, has been used as a temporary shelter for one person. Dry firewood was stored next to the west stacked sandstone wall, an old piece of wide weatherboard from a house was propped up against the back wall for a backrest, and layers of burlap sack were placed in front of the "backrest" in a dug out bedded depression. I suspect this small shelter at some time served as a lookout post for a moonshine operation which was located about 50 meters away on the lower flat mountain bench. Some evidence of a still apparatus was found at this location where a spring occurred. The lookout was a position in many moonshine operations; the person who usually held this post was an elderly man of the family or responsible boy (Maurer 1974). Shelter 3WA573, and numerous other such small shelters in the Ozarks, offers a commanding view of the river valley below and local community road network, providing an excellent lookout point.

The crucial factor for any traditional still site is an adequate water source, with a preference for springwater. Bluff shelters could be used for many functions in the distilling and moonshine operation. The lookout is one such function already discussed. A few shelters were probably used to house the still itself, although these shelters would be fairly large with springs inside or water sources close by so water could be pumped up to the still. Most shelters used for moonshine operations were probable lookouts and/or storage areas for unused corn meal, sugar,

lime, processed whiskey, and tools. Even a small still operation must have an on-site storage area to make a few "runs" for the still-beer processed in barrels at the still location. A large quantity of water is required and a good sluice system may be necessary to drain excess water used in distilling and beer slops expended during the process. On-site storage of corn meal and sugar is necessary unless frequent trips are made to obtain these products, and natural shelters provide an ideal place for dry storage. Crockery, half-gallon and quart mason jars after the early 1900s, were used to store processed moonshine (Maurer 1974:70). Later, after World War II, metal jerry cans and recently, plastic half-gallon and gallon containers, are used for storage of moonshine along with the traditional mason jar container.

Agricultural uses of shelters have long been in practice in the Ozarks. "Bluff barns" are used to store hay (Faris 1983:54) and storage of other products would be feasible as well in accessible, large shelters within short distances of fields or houses. Foraging domestic animals have been known to use shelters for protection from the elements time and again. Evidence of this use is obvious in some shelters, particularly when archeologists begin to excavate the fill from shelter floors.

Natural shelters can also be used as hunting stations, especially in ecologically suited areas frequented by deer. Favorable shelter locations for hunting would be adjacent to streams and stream valleys along the first or second benches elevated above the valley floor. Deer browse along the edge of blufflines and immediately below blufflines frequently, and small shelters can be used as natural "stands" to hunt deer. Some modern-day Ozark bow hunters have been known to hunt deer successfully in this manner (personal communication John Riggs). Fire pits and debris found in many small shelters are evidence of historic camp and/or hunting sites.

Bluff shelters have long been known as Indian sites, and historic evidence of both unsystematic digging by

pothunters as well as systematic excavations by archeologists can be seen in many shelters today. Unfortunately the commercial pothunters have brought about the demise of many Ozark shelters. Evidence of early systematic archeological excavations by the University of Arkansas Museum in the 1930s under the direction of Dr. S.C. Dellinger is visible today in many of the shelters his crews excavated. Sunken trenches and pits excavated in the 1930s are visible in these dry shelters, and occasionally evidence of period artifacts, like old metal food cans or glass, are found near these old pits. All artifacts excavated by Dr. Dellinger's crews have been meticulously curated by the University of Arkansas Museum. Important studies regarding prehistoric culture history, subsistence, and Ozark Indian lifeways are being conducted using these collections fifty years after these materials were carefully excavated (Cleland 1965, Scholtz 1975, Fritz 1984, Trubowitz 1980, Hilliard 1980).

Early 20th century house which eventually became a moonshiner's hideout.

BLUFF TALUS

The bluff talus is the area between the vertical bluffline and the lower stream valley floor or lower elevated stepped bench and/or slope. The talus is a flat or sloping surface which occurs in front of blufflines and natural shelters. Historic use of talus areas include possibilities of roads winding down mountains or ridges, foraging for domestic animals and other farmstead use, and use in commercial activities.

Mountain communities, which for the most part have disappeared today, were numerous in the Ozarks in the 1870s through the early 20th century. Even some of the most isolated mountainous areas were settled with small farmsteads linked by rugged road networks and a few community public buildings. These small farmsteads and communities were largely the result of previously unbought public land offered at a much cheaper price due to the Homestead Act and the Graduation Act. Offering this inexpensive land and the settlement of kin nearby was an incitement for many to homestead in such mountainous terrain (Joyce 1981:90-91). The tie-in to surrounding road networks provided an outlet for marketing fruit, produce, and other marketable crops grown on the farmstead. Archival maps (Skelton 1894), other archival resources, and historical archeological investigations indicate many small log houses were built on rugged mountain benches and ridges. Bluff talus slopes could and were incorporated into various farmstead activities. Large bluff boulders served as natural domestic animal pen enclosures. Open ends of these giant boulders were closed using native sandstone rocks and sometimes fenceposts and barbwire as was found on site 3WA574. With the house and cultivated land located immediately above the bluffline on mountaintop or ridgetop plateaus as was the case for some rural Fayetteville area farmsteads, the wooded talus made natural forage areas and enclosure areas which would otherwise be unused in the farmstead operation.

Another common Ozark farmstead layout made use of

the bluff talus in the same way, only here the house and outbuildings are located in front of or on the talus and bluffline near small, tillable stream valleys. Use of these wooded bluffline talus and slope areas for foraging maximized the use of the best available farmland, some of which otherwise may have gone for use in enclosing and feeding domestic animals year round.

Talus areas oftentimes contain excellent springs which can be used in local commercial enterprises. We have already discussed the moonshine still as a common Ozark local enterprise. The still apparatus can be located on the talus near the spring with a lookout above at the bluff. The talus slope would allow for water runoff which is critical in a still operation. The surrounding woods would provide seclusion and firewood for the operation of the still. Makeshift ramada shelters and stone masonary furnaces to house the still could be well hidden on wooded talus areas in hollows and blufflines. A second, more legitimate industry that could occur on talus springs is that of the tannery. Again, an abundant water source is necessary for the tanning operation. Tanning pits could be constructed using native sandstone, usually abundant on the talus slope and bluff. Springs on talus blufflines near farmsteads were also used for drinking water and storage areas to keep foods cool. Springhouses were constructed for this purpose, and sometimes incorporated into the vertical bluff. Caves on bluff talus areas located near farmsteads could be used to store and preserve foods, as was certainly the case for a late 19th, early 20th century farmstead on Puddin Hill, near Fayetteville, site 3WA582.

BLUFF TOP EDGE

Flat topped mountain summits and ridges with blufflines immediately below the summits were oftentimes settled as farmsteads. Examples of these mountain plateau 19th century farmsteads have been observed south of Fayetteville and elsewhere in the Ozarks (see Skelton 1894). Bluff top edges could be used for farm buildings with cultivated land or orchards located on adjacent land on the flat or rolling

summit. The edge would serve as a barrier for domestic animals foraging below the bluffline on talus slopes. A panoramic view of neighboring farms, fields, and valleys could be seen from the blufftop edge farmstead.

In conclusion, the bluffline as an historical use area could serve a number of farmstead or local commercial functions. Farmstead and commercial use of Ozark blufflines intensified greatly in the 1870s, with maximum use from that time until the late 1930s. Before the 1870s, much of bluffline use was for hunting, trapping, and foraging by domestic animals, with some distilleries and tanneries also located on blufflines. Some environmentally suitable bluffline areas with small stream valleys were used in the early and mid 1800s by hunter-herders as natural pastures (Owlsley 1945:161; Sabo 1982). The bluffline encircling the valley with an entrance controlled by the hunter-herder would have provided an easily controllable boundary for livestock. The sale of previously unwanted public land at a low price after the Civil War encouraged settlement into marginal mountainous areas, making roads and public community gathering places a necessity. The settlement of people into these rugged areas, mainly existing as farmsteaders, intensified the use of blufflines greatly.

Since most of these farmsteads were small and available tillable land was at a premium, use of bluffline areas became important components of farmstead life. Family income could be supplemented by the seasonal operation of a still or tannery on the bluffline, and of course foraging along blufflines by some domestic animals negated the need for year-round provision of grain or pasture grass for these animals. Most all of these traditional small farmsteads have disappeared in the Ozarks today, although vestiges of this life can occasionally be seen in remote areas. Most commonly, remains of this lifestyle are seen across the landscape in the form of vacated log houses, cabin remains, still locations, old fencelines, springhouses, privys, and other material remains. The obligation is ours to record and preserve these vestiges of our past.

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One Trouble with the World is That So Many People who Stand up Vigorously for Their Rights Fall Down Miserably on Their Duties

MANKINS, PETER, SR. AND RACHEL

by Ouida Hunter Harkreader

Peter Mankins, who lived for more than 111 years, was one of the early pioneers in Arkansas and the progenitor of many Washington Co. families. As a child he played near George Washington's home. He lived through the Revolution, War of 1812, and Civil War.

Arkansas (Indian word meaning "downstream people") became the 25th state on June 15, 1836. Fayetteville was incorporated the same year, and a chain bearer for the surveyors was named Mankins.

Fayetteville had few houses when the Peter Mankins family came to the Territory. Peter cleared the cane breaks along the west fork of the White River, built a home and lived there for the rest of his life. In 1834 three parcels of land were listed under his name in Township 15, 29th West and 5th meridian, known as White River township.

Peter welcomed statehood in 1836, helped build schools and churches, worked for good government, always voted — first as a Whig, later, a Democrat. He had voted for Thomas Jefferson, General Hancock and 13 others. In 1861 he saw the division of families and friends as Arkansas joined the Confederacy. At age 90 he was taken prisoner by Union troops. In 1868 when Arkansas was readmitted under the Reconstruction act, Peter was present.

Peter Mankins, Sr. was born Sept. 19, 1770 at Cedar Point, MD, almost exactly where Kennedy Center is now. He died Dec. 30, 1881 and is buried in the Reese cemetery. His death was duly reported by Col. J.H. Van Hoose, who wrote, "I daraesay he never uttered an untruth willfully in the whole course of his life; there was no deceit or hypocrisy in him. He was always plain and outspoken, honest in his dealings with his fellow man, and ever ready to assit the needy and distressed. If he ever had an enemy he outlived them all for he left only friends."

But Arkansas was not the only state Peter helped settle. He had watched George Washington's army as it marched

through Alexandria, VA to meet Cornwallis. In 1803, in Orange County, NC he married Rachel Bracken Lewis, widow of Zachariah Lewis and mother of three children: George, Lydia and Bracken Lewis. Peter and Rachel had eleven children, six sons and five daughters. Three sons, John B., William and Walter (named for his uncle) were born in Orange Co., NC.

In 1809 the Mankins and Lewis children came through the Cumberland Gap to the Block House, a rude fort near Prestonburg in Kentucky. Peter cleared a beech forest and built near the fort.

During the War of 1812 with England, Mankins was in charge of Harmon's station, repaired its block houses to protect the women in case of Indian trouble. In 1827 Peter sold his farm to Samuel Porter, went to newly opened country in Illinois for a year, returned to Kentucky, and purchased a big farm near Paintsville. Later it was sold to Moses Preston. He then went back to Illinois for a short stay before moving to the White River. Rachel bore eight children in Kentucky: Peter Jr., Henry, Samuel, Edith (Enois Mills), Rachel (Jonathan Fine), Millie (William B. Fine), Sarah and Elizabeth.

Rachel was the daughter of Isaac Bracken and Rachel Stalcop, whose marriage is recorded in the Old Swedes Church, Wilmington, DE, Aug. 31, 1769.

Members of the Price family (owners of the farm in White River township) think it is Rachel who is buried on the farm they call "Homeplace".

WILLIAM RILEY BALLARD

by Ouida Hunter Harkreader

"I, Jonathan Stout, an acting and duly commissioned Justice of the Peace, certify that I joined in marriage on the 19th day of April, 1855 William Ballard, aged 19 years to Rachel Mankins, aged 17 years by the verbal consent of their parents..."

William Riley Ballard was son of George B. and Elizabeth Ballard. Rachel was the daughter of Peter Mankins Jr. and Narcissa Mills.

W.R. and Rachel Ballard had 13 children — eight girls and five boys, all born about two years apart. First was Nancy Jane, b. March 1, 1856 (Nelse Woods); Mary Lucy Josephine, b. June 26, 1858, called "Lucy" (William Allen Daniel); Peter Bird, b. June 30, 1860; William Henry Jackson, b. July 1862, called "Jack"; George Houston, b. July 28, 186-, called his wife Mary; Priscilla Louisa, b. March 2, 1867, became Mrs. Bob Davis. (In the census records, Louisa was listed as Elija, a man, probably because he was called "Liza".)

Then there was John Nicholos, b. Sept. 25, 1869; Sarah Ann, b. Oct. 2, 1871, called "Sis"; Martha Myrtle, b. August 8, 1873, known as "Matt"; Lydia Abie, b. Jan. 6, 1875 (Chris Groniger); Samuel Ira, married 1st Alice Payton and 2nd Marie Lindsay who raised their younger children; Alice Bell, b. Dec. 24, 1870 became Mrs. Edgar Cate. The youngest, Francess Odessie Maud, b. May 10, 1882 married Jim Dunn.

The above information was given by Alice Payton Ballard, who copied it from a family bible. While William Riley Ballard was a soldier in the Civil War, his family lived in the home of Peter Mankins. Most of his children were born in Washington Co.

Homestead land was available in Texas in the early 1870s, and it was cheap. W.R. and Rachel saw golden opportunities for themselves. The 1880 census shows the W.R. Ballards living in Stephens Co., TX. They lived near Breckenridge when Lucy married William Allen Daniel. She sure got teased when Will rode up to call with his little five year old motherless daughter on the saddle with him.

Rachel Ballard enjoyed family gatherings, especially big Sunday dinners. She was loved by all. After her sudden death on Nov. 17, 1901 in Throckmorton, TX, her husband, W.R., visited among his children in Texas and Oklahoma. He became very feeble and rather senile in later years. When found wandering in the yard, he stated that he was looking for Rachel. He died on Oct 17,1913.

PRINCESS TREE

On the back cover is pictured Arkansas' State Champion Royal Pawlonia tree. The Society is proud to have it growing in the extreme southwest corner of our grounds at Headquarters House. Its circumference is 9 feet 3 inches, and its age is estimated at 60 years.

In the spring there is a showy display of pink and purple flowers. Throughout the summer its large leaves, similar to those of a catalpa, provide plenty of shade. The Pawlonia is from China and was introduced in this country more than a hundred years ago. It is found mostly in the south because of its dislike of cold weather.

Known also as "Princess Tree" or "Empress Tree", it was named for Anna Paulownia, Princess of Russia and the Netherlands from 1795 to 1865. Japanese used its lightweight wood to make furniture and sandals. The photo was made by Deborah Robinson of the *Northwest Arkansas Times*. Lisa Davoust, WCHS secretary, posed to give some scale to the picture.

The front cover shows the minieball hole made in a front door during the Battle of Fayetteville. April 17, 1988 marks the 125th anniversary of this battle. This door is now an inner door to improve its chances for a long life. This photo also by Deborah Robinson.

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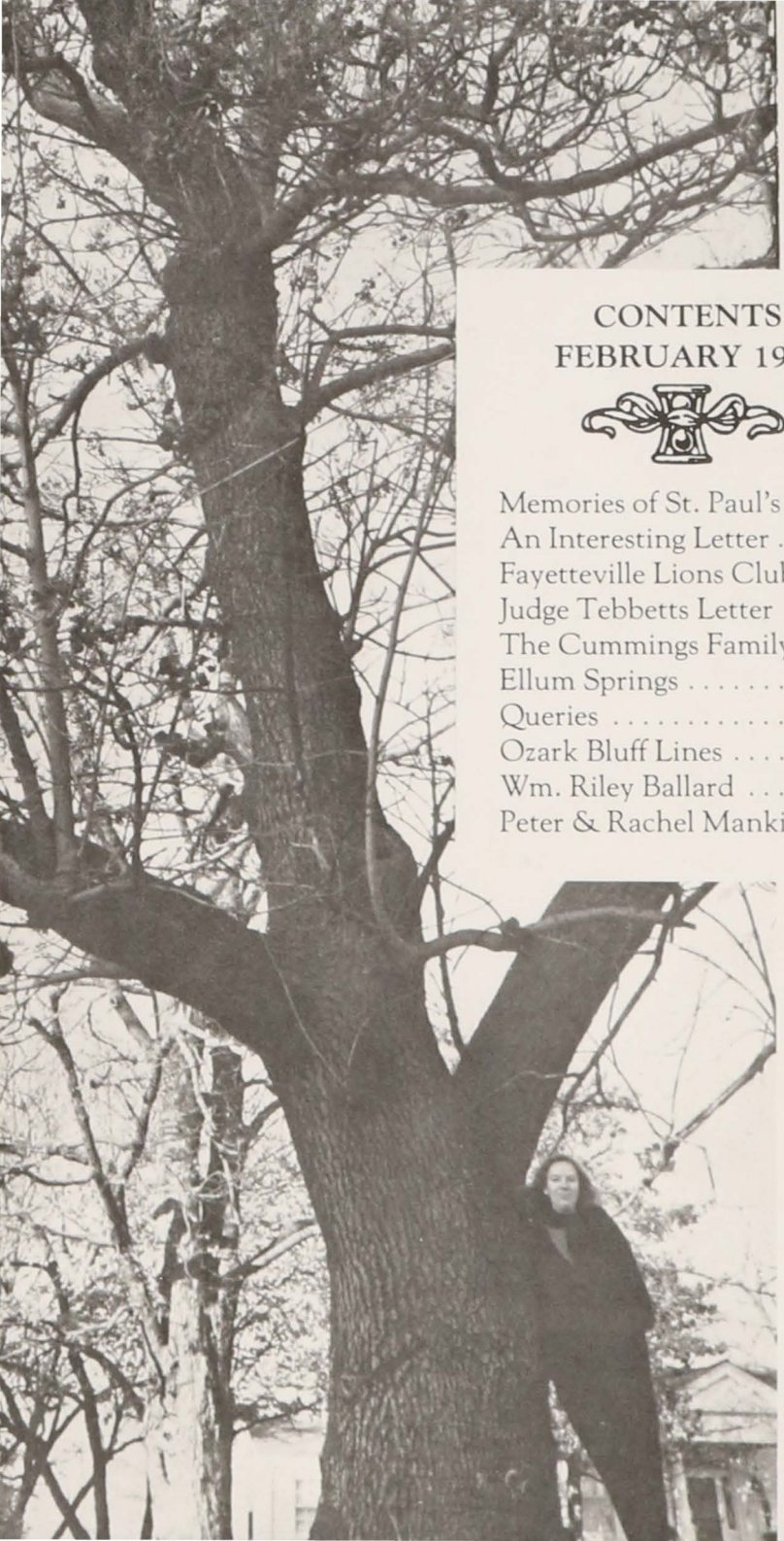

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